

M.L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Go

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01757 0026



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/thirteenthmassac00mass>

[Circular No. 16.]

13th
THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

THE
NEWBERRY
LIBRARY

F
8349
.4315

Massachusetts infantry, 2nd Regt., 1861-1864.
(Circular no. 13-16.) Thirteenth Massachusetts
ment. Boston? [1868-1922] 1900-083
6 v. in 2[•] plates, port. 25^{cm}.
~~in 2 v. in 4[•]~~

No more published: "Circular no. 35, final".

SHelf CARD

1. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories—Mass., inf.—13th.

1-1590 Revised

Library of Congress
F513.5.13thM
(r22c2)
— 2d set.

1755177
MAY 1966 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1903.

To the Members of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Association:

Our annual meeting and dinner will take place at Young's Hotel in this city, Wednesday, the sixteenth day of December, at six o'clock. Tickets for the dinner will be \$1.50 each. Enclosed is a postal card, addressed to the secretary, upon which you are requested to state whether or not you will be present. It is almost impossible to make arrangements, without much annoyance, unless the postals are returned to the secretary. The annual embarrassment might be relieved by a little effort on the part of those who have heretofore neglected this simple duty. It is absolutely necessary that the hotel be informed in advance how many are to be present.

The last meeting of the association was held in Young's Hotel in Boston, the 16th of December last, President Enoch C. Pierce.

The following comrades were elected as the Executive Committee for the ensuing year :

SIDNEY A. BRIGHAM, *President.*

ANSIL K. TISDALE, *Vice-President.*

CHARLES E. DAVIS, JR., *Secretary.*

FLORENTINE A. JONES.

GEORGE E. JEPSON.

On this day and night we had about the worst possible weather that could be imagined. The streets were all but impassable, so that our usual number was somewhat reduced.

(3)

10183

Following is a list of those present:

Thomas Appleton.	A. C. H. Laws.
Harry W. Baker.	Stephen W. Lufkin.
M. M. Bancroft.	George A. Lyford.
James H. Belser.	Geo. H. Maynard.
A. H. Blake.	John H. Moore.
J. P. Blake.	C. F. Morse.
S. A. Brigham.	Frederick H. Morse.
C. F. Bryant.	George E. Orrok.
Walter C. Bryant.	Moses P. Palmer.
David B. Coffin.	Elmer Parker.
Wm. M. Coombs.	George E. Parker.
Seth K. Cushing.	L. P. Parker.
James Dammers.	P. L. Parker.
Edw. P. Davis.	William A. Peabody.
W. Wallace Davis.	Elliot C. Pierce.
F. H. Duren.	Henry F. Pope.
Henry Epple.	J. Frank Pope.
Louis Epple.	Stephen A. Pope.
Frederic H. Fay.	J. F. Ramsay.
John S. Fay.	W. H. H. Rideout.
Eugene Foster.	Thomas Ryan.
Chas. H. Fox.	James A. Shedd.
J. B. Fuller.	Wm. E. Shedd.
J. Henry Gleason.	Horace S. Shepard.
James M. Gleason.	Lindsley H. Shepard.
Joseph Halstrick.	Jos. P. Silsby, Jr.
Chas. E. Howe.	Geo. E. Stackpole, M.D.
J. A. Howe.	Fred. W. Stuart.
Wm. H. H. Howe.	Jeremiah Stuart.
Harrison Hume.	Walter E. Swan.
Samuel Hunt.	George A. Tainter.
Wm. P. Jackson.	Ansel K. Tisdale.
Edwin R. Jenness.	Frank E. Trask.
Geo. E. Jepson.	Thomas F. Trow.
F. A. Jones.	Wm. H. Trow.
W. DeHaven Jones.	Samuel Vaughn.
Wm. G. Johnson.	M. H. Walker.
Albert V. Johnston.	M. R. Walsh.
Wm. B. Kimball.	Wm. R. Warner.
Anton Krasinski.	Stephen Warren.
S. A. Langley.	E. A. Wood.

Letters from the following comrades were read with pleasure to all: L. L. Dorr, San Francisco, Cal.; John B. Noyes, New York; John H. White, New Haven; Fred M. West, Stockton, Cal.; A. D. Whitman, Auburn, Me.; T. M. Exley, Washington, D. C.; Geo. T. Raymond, New York; Chas. W. Keating, New Orleans; Samuel D. Webster, St. Louis, Mo.; George D. Armstrong, Lewiston, Me.; Barton C. Waldron, Sampson, Wis.; Lyman H. Low, New York; Wm. W. Sprague, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Charles Collis, New York; and "Ike" Webster, St. Louis. The following from James H. Lowell, Holton, Kansas, is published in full:

HOLTON, KANSAS, Dec. 12, 1902.

CHAS. E. DAVIS, JR., *Secretary Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment Association, Boston, Mass.*:

DEAR COMRADE DAVIS: Circular No. 15 duly came in value of full measure for entertainment and keeps. Both articles deeply interesting: yours on "An Entailed Shoulder Strap" and Jepson's on a battle-field where was established the precedent—the invention and patenting of a three-day fight. Since reading it I have reviewed Victor Hugo and Sloan's Waterloo. I presume the parallel drawn by Jepson refers to the "high-water-mark" character of both these battles. Hugo says in effect that forty thousand effectives became fugitive at the close of a six-hour fight, and the query arises, had either side engaged at Gettysburg been there would it have stayed till day after to-morrow? I am sure the survivors all of our regiment will appreciate with intense interest Jepson's recital, which, besides being comprehensive, specializes the part taken by the regiment, and also the heroism allied to the fortunes of the régimental flag on that field. I am reminded of hearing that once James A. Garfield, when in the height of his fame, entered a Masonic Lodge, the brothers rising and cheering, extending his hand and commanding silence, he said: "On this floor all are equal." It may be because we privates are such nice fellows that our reunions are so democratic. I hope your forthcoming reunion will show up as big an attendance as the last, but for goodness sake let there be no such showing of parade rest—23. I shall remember the hour of your meeting on December 16, with appropriate ceremony in this far-away place. A cordial greeting to all, and may it be good to be there.

Yours truly,
JAMES H. LOWELL.

The following letter was received too late to be read at the dinner:

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1902.

COMRADE DAVIS: Circular No. 15 received to-day, and I have read all of it.

You should be more charitable in your remarks about the D. F.'s who put on airs of superiority on account of having once worn a shoulder-strap. Don't you know they *have to do it*. We privates don't *have to*. After nearly two years I rose to the exalted rank of Corporal, but I hope you won't think I am calling you down on account of my rank.

One of the privates of Company I came to roll-call one morning looking very sleepy, but after roll-call was over he asked, "What is a brevet-private?" No one being able to answer, he proved that he was not so sleepy as he looked by giving the answer himself. "It is a man who has the honor of being private but don't get the pay;" because he gets court-martialed too often. So you see there is a rank below private in the rear rank.

I fully intended to be at the dinner this year, but have so many men on the road who need my attention every day that I shall be unable to be present. Kind regards to all who are; from,

Yours truly,

GEO. T. RAYMOND.

The following interesting letter is from Comrade Dorr, who has acquired an enviable reputation as a physician in San Francisco; was a prominent member of the committee having in charge the entertainment of the G.A.R. at its recent visit to that city:

CROCKER BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 3, 1903.

MY DEAR COMRADE: Our occasion of the G.A.R. has come and gone, and they adjourned to meet in Boston next year. I wish I could anticipate being there with you, but at the present time that seems improbable. We had a very glorious and satisfactory encampment, besides the many entertainments of various Posts and other organizations here.

The Thirteenth Massachusetts turned up rather numerously. Shepard, of company A from New York; W. H. H. Howe, company B from Boston; E. R. Jenness, Post No. 26 in Boston; Fisk, of company H from near Boston; Morton Tower, of company B from Oregon; H. J. A. Hebbard, of Alameda, Cal., and F. M. West, of Stockton, Cal. Then there was B. T. Norris, of Sonoma, Cal. All of these, but W. E. Shepard, who was not particularly well, joined me, and I gave them a lunch at the Olympic Club in this city.

There are two others of our regiment in San Francisco: John A. Neill, of company G, living at 208½ Leavenworth street, and S. D. Thurston, of company C, of 906 Geary street. I invited these two last comrades to join us, but I had no reponse from them, and I am not aware that they were seen by others visiting here.

There were some inquiries for Sam Hinkley, of company A, who formerly lived here, but I have not heard of him for years. George Kimball, of company B, lives in Los Angeles, but made no response to my invitation. We were all glad to meet and pass a couple of hours nicely, and all seemed to enjoy themselves in talking over old times and of old comrades.

The entertainments of our Post were held every afternoon and evening, and were considered a great success. The talent employed was of the best in San Francisco; the stereoptican views were most excellent and interesting. For refreshments we had only fruit, white wine punch that "cheered, but did not inebriate." In fact, there was not a person in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor at our entertainments. This was a great source of satisfaction, especially to the ladies who received with and for us, some of whom were of the best society in San Francisco. We had other refreshments in the way of cakes, crackers, lemonade, and flowers. There was a feast of flowers, and a feast of music of the best kind. I send you these details, and with them our programme, the souvenir roster of the Post, and the only circular that was issued at my instance. I thought you would be glad to see this any way, and you will probably see how you can improve on it next year. We are somewhat unaccustomed here to these events, and don't know how they are done in other places, but we did our best, considering our inexperience.

I was very glad for your steering Sam Webster, whom I forgot to mention. Sam came, and was in my office many times.

I am under the impression that I owe the Thirteenth Association some dues. Kindly let me know, and I will pay them in advance, for I calculate living some years yet, and I don't like to omit what to my mind is an important thing.

Yours very truly,

L. L. DORR.

The following correspondence is published to show that the demand for a free distribution of our history continues unabated. We still live in the hope that Mr. Carnegie may be prompted to extend his philanthropic efforts, in the distribution of books, to the purchase of several million copies of the History of the Thirteenth Massachusetts at \$3.00 per copy. A liberal commission (50 per cent.)

will be paid to any member of the regiment who may induce Mr. Carnegie to carry out this very practical suggestion.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, Feb. 27, 1903.

CHARLES E. DAVIS:

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: I have a large library of the literature of the war of the Rebellion, and as many histories of individual regiments as possible.

I send some commendations of my own regiment and wish to add as many histories of individual regiments as possible, and desire earnestly to effect an exchange with yours, value for value.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) J. P. CILLEY.

BOSTON, March 2, 1903.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,
Rockland, Maine,

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 27th is at hand. I am unable to respond to your request for an exchange of histories, as the edition of the Thirteenth history is exhausted, likewise the people who have read it. We were rather unfortunate in our historian, inasmuch as his rank in the regiment was an obstacle to his writing an intelligent account of the battles in which it was engaged. Our history contained no illustrations, nor was the name of any man who served in the regiment mentioned in the body of the book. Therefore much of the attraction common to regimental histories was omitted.

Very truly yours,

C. E. DAVIS, JR.

Following is a statement of the receipts and expenditures for the year to Dec. 1, 1902:

Receipts:

On hand Dec. 1, 1902	\$67 84
Annual dues	57 50
	<hr/>
	\$125 34

Expended:

Printing circulars and postals	\$65 93
Postages	4 80
Envelopes	3 00
	<hr/>
On hand Dec. 1, 1903	\$51 61
(8)	

Among the honors bestowed by Yale College, in June last, we noticed the name of our comrade, George F. Hutchings, of Company E, who received the degree of M. A. Long may he live to enjoy it in addition to his other degree of private in the Thirteenth Massachusetts.

The secretary has been notified of the deaths of the following comrades :

Hezekiah Prince, Co. D, Chelsea, Mass.	Dec. 24, 1902
Samuel H. Leonard, West Newton, Mass.	Dec. 27, 1902
George H. Smith, Co. C, Philadelphia	Jan. 5, 1903
Ira G. Gates, Co. C, Newton, Mass.	Feb. 10, 1903
Samuel Hunt, Co. E, Onset, Mass.	Feb. 10, 1903
Edward H. Whitney, Co. D, Boston	March 3, 1903
George O'Grady, Co. S, Marlboro, Mass.	March 10, 1903
Stephen L. Nutter, Co. B, Lynn, Mass.	March 19, 1903
George F. Washburn, Co. I, Los Angeles, Cal.	April 24, 1903
Albert V. Johnston, Co. B, Sandwich, Mass.	June 1, 1903
William J. Hobbs, Co. H, Natick, Mass.	June 22, 1903
Minot M. Kittridge, Co. H, Boston	June 25, 1903
Edward W. Codey, Co. C, Chelsea, Mass.	July 8, 1903
John F. Elms, Co. B, Boston	Aug. 11, 1903
Alonzo P. Bacon, Co. D, New York	Aug. 19, 1903
Henry H. Jones, Co. A, Melrose, Mass.	Aug. 24, 1903
Edward W. Schutter, Co. C, New York	April 20, 1903
James Macey, Co. E, Clifftondale, Mass.	April (?) 1903
Edwin C. Dockham, Co. K, Worcester, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1903

On reading the above list it will be noticed that the death of Colonel Leonard occurred shortly after our last gathering. The funeral services took place from his home in West Newton where he had resided for many years. His remains were then taken to Worcester for burial.

The following comrades acted as pall-bearers :

Elliot C. Pierce from the Field and Staff.

J. A. Howe, Co. A.	Chas. F. Morse, Co. F.
C. E. Davis, Jr., Co. B.	Stephen W. Lufkin, Co. G.
Thos. Appleton, Co. C.	Ansil K. Tisdale, Co. H.
David B. Coffin, Co. D.	Lysander P. Parker, Co. I.
Edwin R. Jenness, Co. E.	Wm. R. Warner, Co. K.

Among the interesting documents issued during the Civil War is the following proclamation, issued and posted by General Kelley about the country opposite to Hancock, Md., where we had the honor of doing some service. The original, from which this is taken, is in the possession of Comrade Wm. M. Coombs.

*To the people
of
HAMPSHIRE COUNTY
and the
UPPER POTOMAC!*

*MY OBJECT IN ADDRESSING YOU, IS TO
give you assurance that I come among you not for the purpose of de-
stroying you, but for your protection in all your rights, civil, social
and political. I am here, backed by the forces of the United States,
to protect you in the rights of property as well as person, so long as you
are peaceful citizens and loyal to the government of the United States,
the flag of which has so long and so well protected you, and under the
folds of which you have lived long, happily and prosperously. But if
you attempt to carry on a guerilla warfare against my troops, by
attacking my wagon trains or messengers, or shooting my guards or
pickets, you will be considered as enemies of your country, and treated
accordingly. I shall put as few restrictions upon the ordinary busi-
ness of the people as possible, and will give as free ingress and egress
to and from Romney as the safety of my troops will admit. Citizens
who have fled, under an erroneous belief that they would be impris-
oned or killed, are invited to return to their homes and families, as-*

sured that they shall be protected whenever they can give evidence that they will be loyal, peaceful and quiet citizens. Every reasonable facility will be given the people to seek a market on the Railroad for their surplus produce, and to obtain supplies of merchandise, groceries, etc.

All persons who have taken up arms against the government are hereby required to lay them down, return to their homes, and take an oath of allegiance to support the government of the United States; by so doing they will receive all the protection due to an American citizen.

B. F. KELLEY,
Brigadier General.

BENJ. F. HAWKES, *Asst. Adj't. General,*
Romney, Va., Oct. 28th, 1861.

Included in this circular is an article on Gen. Joseph Hooker by our comrade, George E. Jepson. He received much commendation for his paper on Gettysburg, published in our last circular, and you will find the present one equally deserving and valuable as a contribution to the literature of the war. These articles give an additional value and interest to our circular.

C. E. DAVIS, JR.,
Secretary.

GEN. SAMUEL HAVEN LEONARD.

BY C. E. DAVIS, JR.

Samuel H. Leonard, who was colonel of the Thirteenth Massachusetts regiment from July 16, 1861, to the expiration of its service, Aug. 1, 1864, was born in Bolton, Mass., July 10, 1825, and died Dec. 27, 1902. His early life was spent in Milbury and Worcester, Mass., in both of which places he attended school. He was the son of Samuel S. and Adeline E. (Newton) Leonard. Aug. 1, 1840, he engaged in business with his father, who was proprietor of Leonard's Worcester express, and continued in the same business until incapacitated by blindness. He was married, Jan. 4, 1847, to Miss Susan E. Putnam, by whom he had three children.

His military career began with his enlistment, May, 1846, in the Worcester Guards as a private soldier. In April, 1847, he was elected fourth lieutenant, first lieutenant in June, 1849, major of the Eighth Regiment in July, 1852, lieutenant-colonel in May, 1853, and appointed brigadier-general, commanding the fifth brigade, in March, 1856.

Having moved his family to Boston, he was obliged, in 1860, to resign his command of the fifth brigade, as officers were required to live in the same district with their command.

In December, 1860, he was elected captain of Company A, Boston City Guard, then a part of the Second Regiment, M. V. M. It had long been an object of his ambition to organize a rifle battalion, and he succeeded in changing the City Guards to a rifle company, and proceeded, in April, 1861, to organize three additional companies. When completed it was called the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, of which he was elected major.

In May, 1861, he was ordered with his command to Fort Independence to serve without pay, the State furnishing rations. This battalion was the nucleus of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, of which he was made the colonel, and was mustered into the United States service on the 16th of July for three years, leaving Boston for the seat of war on the 26th of July. During nearly two years of his service he had command of a brigade, and from

May, 1864, to the expiration of his service he was the senior colonel of the Army of the Potomac.

He joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery May 11, 1868, serving in various capacities until elected first lieutenant in 1880. He was a member of this organization at the time of his death.

To us he was always "Colonel," and the superior rank to which he was entitled, by courtesy, never found currency in the Thirteenth. It never seemed natural for us to call him by any other title. It was the rank we best knew him by and one associated with our entire service, and carried with it a paternal feeling that we were loath to give up. His temperament was phlegmatic, and early in our career we saw the advantage we had in being commanded by a man not hastily moved to anger nor easily disturbed by adverse criticism. His fondness for his regiment was sincere and deep, exceeding all love except that of his family, and it increased in depth as his years were added to.

Few officers, even of the highest rank, equalled him in a knowledge of tactics or the manœuvring of a regiment or brigade. He was endowed with a genius for drilling and inspiring men to do their best work. The smallest detail was as familiar to him as the alphabet, and his ability to impart what he knew surprising. Speech-making was never his forte, yet, sitting on a horse before his regiment, he could direct the most complicated movement as easily as the simplest, and with a coolness and self-possession that excited admiration in his superior officers, who often came to observe him while drilling his regiment. The men were justly proud to be led by a man who had such a marvellous command over the intricacies of battalion drill, such as he was accustomed daily to exhibit.

He was a man of tender heart, extremely sensitive, easily affected by the sufferings of others, and capable of deep and lasting affection. Modest in manner, simple in his habits of living, he acquired the friendship of many men, not alone for the generosity he so often displayed and the genial qualities of his nature, but a certain something about him that, however much you might differ with him in opinion of public men or questions, you ceased not to respect the loyalty with which he stood by his opinions, as he also did by

his friends, and even persons who had treated him with unkindness.

The last days of General Leonard were passed in West Newton where he had resided for many years. He had long been aware of his approaching blindness, his father having suffered with the same affliction. The best oculists were employed to prevent, if possible, such a result. It requires fortitude and courage to contemplate so terrible a disaster to one's physical condition as the loss of sight, without complaint and with resignation, and in this respect he was remarkable. His friends often wondered if, in his cheerfulness, he realized the long night before him. The disease was so gradual that not until about three years before his death did he become totally blind. Many persons when so afflicted are possessed with ability to move about their own house and frequently to walk about the streets. General Leonard was nearly helpless in ability to move about without a guide. He had other troubles, mental and physical, to try him, but he continued patient and cheerful to the time of his death. He loved to talk about the old times, particularly those connected with his military career, which had absorbed so much of his life. When his friends called upon him the time passed rapidly and interestingly, and such occasions possessed for him unalloyed pleasure.

His attachments were sincere and deeply-rooted, and as his acquaintance was wide-spread, there were many in whom he was interested to inquire about. He was fortunately gifted with a sense of humor which made it possible for those who visited him to draw his mind from a contemplation of his own misfortunes to other and more cheerful subjects. His fondness for music was acute, particularly martial music and the old war songs, which he never tired of listening to when sung or played.

During the last year of his life his physical condition would not allow him to leave his house, but those about him made his life comfortable by cheerful service in his behalf.

GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

BY GEORGE EDWIN JEPSON.

Napoleon expressed the wish that his life should not be written until fifty years after he had passed away. There was wisdom in this desire. Contemporaries, as a rule and for obvious reasons, cannot be discriminative and impartial judges of great or exceptional characters, of their real aims or permanent influence, whether for good or ill, on the events or tendencies of their period. The solvent of time only can disperse the mists of error or dispel the glamor of a factitious fame, as the case may be, and furnish a just estimate for posterity's praise or blame.

Military reputation, when not founded on the bed rock of genuine capacity, it may be trite to say, is an evanescent quality; but it is apt to be particularly so with the American soldier for a judge. No class is more able to discern and to prick the bubble, if it is nothing more substantial than a tissue-gilded sphere encompassing only wind, than he. Iago-like, he is nothing if not critical; and there was no observation that was struck out by the friction of thought acting upon thought during the strenuous war epoch, that in a word summed up and so distinguished above every other soldier in the world the essential quality of the citizen volunteer of 1861 and 1864, than that of an acute foreign looker-on who said of him in a fine burst of astonished enthusiasm, "Why, even the bayonets think!"

Thinking bayonets, a term that was quickly appropriated, not only by the American public, but, however unwillingly, by the world of intelligence everywhere, and that still sticks to him and his successors, and was justified, as many of his generals were destined to appreciate to their gratification or their cost.

Comparisons are odious, but the old Union soldier, whenever his thoughts turn that way — and that is pretty often, for he lives very much in the past — is apt to compare and contrast his impressions of his old commanders, in and perhaps out of season as well.

Grant stands apart in his estimation, occupying a separate niche, isolated as it were from the rest; a magnificent soldier, a fighter and

a stayer after his own heart, but above all, the general par excellence who knew how to compel victory and knew what to do with it after he had attained it. A man who won his gratitude, satisfied his patriotic pride, and gained thereby his undying admiration !

Sherman ! Well, the heart of the old "coffee-cooler" overflows whenever "Uncle Billy" — "old Tecumseh" — comes to mind, and unwitting and unwanted tears are apt to trickle down his bronzed cheeks at the recollection.

But an altogether different and distinct emotion, or, rather, set of emotions, are awakened for them in the mind of the veteran when he recalls his terms of service under the two most famous commanders of the old Army of the Potomac — "Little Mac" and "Fighting Joe."

It is doubtful if any commanding general of an army throughout the world's history, not even excepting Napoleon, ever aroused such a sentiment of pure, unqualified affection, and in so high a degree, as McClellan's personality engendered among his soldiers. To say that he was idolized in the sense that the former was idolized would be to disparage the intelligent and discriminating quality of the American soldier's intellectual make-up. The crude lurking taint of ignoble servility that characterizes the peasant soldiery of most old-world armies, the suppression of individuality that bows the soul in unseemly adulation to a mere man of flesh, is unknown to him. His emancipation from such fetters was accomplished ages ago, at Runnymede, at Naseby, to be confirmed at Lexington.

It was, then, but a mere figure of speech that led to the popular designation of McClellan as the idol of his men. But his grace of manner, his youth and bonhomie, his attractive person, his lauded but undoubted military skill, and the humanity which in his orders and the conduct of his high office seemed aimed to modify the traditional harshness of military discipline without vitiating its effectiveness, and in which there appeared to be no taint of demagogism, all endeared him to the rank and file, and made them enthusiastic in their devotion to him whom they regarded as an ideal military leader.

The popularity of Hooker was in process of growth while McClel-

lan's was at its apex. It never attained in its highest rise, perhaps, anything approaching that of the latter in exciting the element of a devoted personal affection.

But his brilliant military exploits in the Mexican War and in the peninsular campaign, especially his stubborn fight at Williamsburg, where for nine hours he held an overwhelming force of the enemy at bay, and yielded only when he had accomplished the safety of McClellan's army, spread his fame and gave him that popular designation of " Fighting Joe," which has been affixed irretrievably to him, although it was as offensive to him as the tune of " Marching through Georgia " was to Sherman.

" It always sounds to me like ' Fighting Fool,'" he once said, " and has really done me much injury in making the public believe I am a furious headstrong idiot, bent on making reckless and crazy dashes at the enemy. I have never fought without good purpose and with fair chances of success. When I have decided to fight I have done so with all the vigor and strength I could command."

As the men came to know Hooker more intimately in his advance to higher and still higher command, and felt the influence of a direct personal contact, his unique personality made itself felt and gained for him an admiration and regard that, despite the misfortune attending his brief career as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, has in no sense diminished and is undoubtedly lasting. More fortunate in this respect, that he seized the opportunity to regain his prestige by his service in the West and by his splendid feat at Look-out mountain, than his compeer, " Little Mac," whose brilliant sun was destined to sink and know no rising.

The regiment to which the present writer belonged, the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, a regiment, by the way, which was kept at the front from the day it landed in Maryland mud, in 1861, to the day, in 1864, when it left the Petersburg trenches at the end of its term of service, and meanwhile never knew the bliss of " a soft thing " in the way of garrisoning forts or timorous towns and cities a hundred or so miles to the rear — this regiment, I repeat, saw a good deal of " Fighting Joe " from the time he relieved General McDowell after the second Bull Run battle, and was assigned to command our corps

through the Antietam campaign and up to the time he resigned the chief command on the eve of Gettysburg.

Two picturesque incidents of his army life, both of a strikingly similar nature, are prominently associated in the writer's memory with McClellan and Hooker, and they in some sense illustrate the respective temperaments of the two men and typify the distinctive character of their popularity.

The first time I saw General Hooker to know him was as we lay along the Centreville road on the way to Chantilly, two days after the disaster at Bull Run. The battle was then raging just ahead of us, and we halted, being held in reserve and waiting for orders. We had heard of poor McDowell's downfall, and that Hooker had been assigned to command the corps in his place. The latter's fame was then well known, and we were naturally anxious to see our new commander, both on that account and because he was also a native of the Old Bay State.

Suddenly there were heard shouting and cheering along the road to the rear, and soon a general officer and his staff were seen approaching. As the cavalcade drew nearer we distinguished amid the shouts the name of the personage whom the boys were applauding, and learned that it was Hooker.

It so happened that, as he came opposite to where I lay on the grassy bank of the road, the general halted and beckoned to an orderly who was carrying a roll enveloped in an enamelled cloth cover, which, as he removed the latter, appeared to be a campaign map. This, as some of his staff officers gathered about him, he proceeded to consult, an animated discussion going on meanwhile among the group.

The incident probably did not cover the period of more than five minutes, but it sufficed to enable me to get an excellent view of " Fighting Joe " and to mentally fix a lasting impression of his handsome and mobile face and erect military figure. He seemed every inch a soldier and a man to all of us who then beheld him for the first time.

As the brief conference ended and the party were about to proceed on their way, some of the boys gathered around the general

for a parting good word, and one of them called out : "Hope we'll lick 'em out of their boots this time, general ! "

The latter turned to him, nodded his head jocosely and replied : "At any rate, you've got another man to lead you to-day, boys," and rode off, with the cheers of the men following him till he had passed from sight.

It was barely a fortnight after this, on September 14, during the battle of South Mountain, that, under strangely similar conditions to the above, our division was halted just beyond the little village of Middletown, at the foot of Turner's Gap, where our advance and the ninth corps were engaging Longstreet's corps way up the precipitous slopes of the mountain and in the roadway.

It was one of the most impressive sights, and the most dramatic spectacle, that the writer ever witnessed during his three years' war experience, with the flaming flashes of the batteries on either side of the steep incline, and the crash of volley after volley of the musketry repeating themselves in thundering echoes against the mountain slopes, the terrible sounds punctuated now by the shrill rebel yell and anon by the deep-throated Yankee cheers as we could see our comrades charge and drive their foe from one position to another.

In the midst of this turmoil a storm of frantic shouts and a perfect roar of cheers attracted our attention backward toward the village. The first thought arising was that it was an attack on our rear, perhaps one of Stonewall Jackson's famous flanking surprises. But the idea was quickly dispelled as we perceived regiment after regiment suddenly spring to attention and line up on either side of the road, along which slowly came an imposing array of mounted officers and a trailing cavalry escort.

"It's McClellan ! Little Mac !" came the magic cry, distinguishable even above the cheers swelling and rolling along the line. As he drew near McClellan was seen to be, as usual, splendidly mounted, his horse tossing his head and caracoling after the most approved circus style, as if conscious that he bore the fortunes of the republic on his back. His rider looked spick and span in his fine uniform, as if the latter was just out of the tailor's shop, while his handsome face was flushed and lighted up at his enthusiastic greeting with an

expression of unalloyed pleasure that was both becoming and perfectly natural.

At our left was an Indiana regiment, a brand new organization that had just arrived at the front. Their uniforms were fresh and bright, their ranks full. Tall, strapping fellows, their color-bearer was a giant above them all in stature. This Hercules bore a magnificent silk national flag which, we had been told, the ladies of Indianapolis had recently presented to the regiment.

As "Little Mac" arrived in front of the Indiana men the color-bearer dipped the flag in salute, and for an instant a corner of the gorgeous ensign touched the pommel of the general's saddle. Quickly transferring a beautiful bouquet of flowers — a trophy from one of the loyal women of the little hamlet through which he had just passed — to his bridle hand, with a charming graceful movement he caught the hem of the flag and raised it to his lips.

The act was not theatrical; at least, to the onlookers it seemed to be entirely spontaneous — the graceful impulse of a man who did all things gracefully. But the effect of it was a demonstration of enthusiasm such as it would seem could hardly have had a counterpart, at least with such dramatic surroundings, in the annals of war. The soldiers broke ranks and rushed, a madly yelling mob, flocking around their leader, shouting his name with endearing epithets, while in their eagerness to caress his person or merely to touch his garments they were careless of the danger of being trampled under his horse's hoofs.

Forgotten was the terrific strife going on up the mountain, drowned were the cannon's roar and the crashing detonations of musketry that shook the earth; unheeded every thought of our dying and dead comrades and the fearful struggle that Longstreet was making to keep us from mastering the pass.

In those moments of frantic enthusiasm — it seems supreme idiocy now — we thought only that it was "Little Mac," beloved of men and favorite of the gods, who had come to lead us this time to sure victory. It was a moment to inspire valorous deeds in an army of stags, let alone this splendidly equipped, always ready, battle-trained



Army of the Potomac, whose long-felt want was only for a lion-like leader, such as they fondly fancied they had found at last.

But alas! only three days later this leonine quality seemed to have petered out. There were lions, indeed, all over the field that day of Antietam, leading their whelps into the hostile thickets and driving their foes from covert to covert. There were Hooker and Meade and Sumner, Slocum and Sickles and Burnside, but "Fighting Joe" first and foremost, wherever the combat most fiercely raged.

And, after all, it was a victory, though a barren one, and even an incomplete victory was something for the Army of the Potomac to boast of — a victory won by his corps commanders and in despite of the general-in-chief, who seemed content to rest upon vicarious and reflected laurels.

On the night before the main battle day General Hooker had moved our corps to its assigned position on the right flank, which had been intrusted to his charge. It was to prove one of the bloodiest and most fiercely contested portions of the field. Hooker's guns opened the battle at daylight, and almost immediately "Joe" ordered a charge through the great cornfield north of the Dunker Church, the field containing nearly thirty acres of standing corn higher than a man's head. The enemy, hidden therein in large numbers, received our advance with an unexpected fire that dropped a number of our comrades.

But Hooker had seen some movement among the corn, and, quickly placing several guns in position, volley after volley of canister were poured into the ranks of the trapped foe. The field was swept down by this iron hail as clean as if the reapers had done their work there, and when our boys charged through to follow up such of the flying foe as had escaped the slaughter, they ran over solid rows of dead and dying "Johnnies."

In his report General Hooker says of this cornfield: "It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battlefield. Those that escaped fled in the opposite direction from our advance, and sought refuge behind the trees, fences and stone ledges nearly on a line with the Dunker Church, etc., as there was no resisting this torrent of death-dealing missives. . . . The whole morning



had been one of unusual animation to me, and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain near me. My command followed the fugitives closely until we had passed the cornfield a quarter of a mile or more, when I was removed from my saddle in the act of falling out of it from loss of blood, having previously been struck without my knowledge."

The intrigues of the politicians and the cabals existing among the military chiefs, with their ramifications in every congressional district, that agitated the administration during the war period, and so frequently paralyzed its efforts, were reflected in the army and seriously reacted upon its efficiency.

General Hooker had kept his skirts free from all entanglement in Washington politics. He was the soldier first and always. His aspirations lay solely in the direction of his professional function. He wanted to be head of the army in the field.

There were for him peculiar difficulties in the way of his attaining this distinction. One of his besetting sins was a rather free and certainly indiscreet and impolitic habit of criticising his superiors. Some one once said of him that "he never hesitates either to censure or to fight."

At West Point he had indulged this propensity, and it nearly cost him dismissal. In the Mexican War he had dared to criticise the great Scott, and incurred old "Fuss and Feathers'" life-long enmity, so that when at the breaking out of the rebellion he had hastened to Washington and applied for a command, he was allowed to kick his heels in the war department ante-rooms waiting for the appointment that never came until after the first Bull Run battle and the consequent retirement of Scott.

His interview soon after this with the President, and his pungent criticism of that disaster, so tickled the latter's sense of humor that he made Hooker sit down and listen to some of his own funny stories, after which the long-deferred commission was no longer doubtful. President Lincoln used to relate the incident with great gusto, and would then rehearse Hooker's speech with imitative effect.

"Mr. President," began the visitor, who had been introduced as



"Capt." Hooker, "I am not 'Capt.' Hooker, but was once Lieut.-Col. Hooker of the regular army. I was lately a farmer in California, but since the rebellion broke out I have been here trying to get into the service, but I find I am not wanted. I am about to return home, but before going I was anxious to pay my respects to you, and to express my wishes for your personal welfare and success in quelling this rebellion. And I want to say one word more," he added, abruptly, seeing the President was about to speak: "I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity in me to say I am a d —— sight better general than you had on that field."

Hooker was at once made a brigadier-general.

His well-known criticism of McClellan caused him the enmity of the latter's friends, and his frank and unguarded strictures on the Fredericksburg catastrophe awoke Burnside's wrath to such a degree that that general issued an order discharging Hooker, together with several other general officers, from the army, among them being Meade and Franklin. This order was never promulgated, however, President Lincoln vetoing it, and Burnside had to suffer the added humiliation not long after of seeing the man he had proscribed promoted to the chief command in his place.

Hooker, as has been said, was no intriguer in politics, yet his last promotion was due to a political manœuvre. The administration and the aspirants for the presidency in the cabinet and elsewhere were so apprehensive that a successful general would be liable to be sprung upon the country as a candidate for that office that the Chase interests prevailed with the war department to select Hooker, having assured themselves that he, probably alone of all the eligible officers, had no aspirations or ambitions in that direction.

No more popular appointment with the rank and file of the army could have been made. Even after the failure at Chancellorsville, though there were wonder and regret at the retreat across the river, much sympathy was felt for "Fighting Joe," and much censure meted out to those who, it was believed, rather than the commanding general, were responsible for the success of Jackson's flank movement.



Whatever blame properly attached to Hooker was at least mitigated by his gallant conduct in putting himself at the head of his old division — Birney's — which he had himself organized on the peninsula, and interposing it between the flying eleventh corps and the enemy, and so securing the safety of the uncovered right flank. He also threw himself with drawn sword into the midst of Howard's demoralized and panic-stricken fugitives, and succeeded in rallying them by his efforts and his presence.

McClellan's chief military distinction was his ability as an organizer. Hooker displayed no less skill in this direction, in some respects more. His intellectual energy and physical activity were remarkable. His dash and his endurance were phenomenal in that the two qualities rarely go together. He made of his army a superb fighting machine.

He at once did away with Burnside's cumbrous grand divisions. He introduced the system of corps badges, which was not only a convenience, but saved no end of confusion, while preventing straggling to a considerable extent. He put a check to desertion, which had become alarmingly prevalent as the war dragged on, by some drastic measures, but more by the humane method of increasing the proportion of furloughs during the inactive season of the year. And, above all, he made what had long been a not very important branch of the service, the cavalry, one of the most efficient and dependable of its arms, till no longer was heard the once prevalent gibe: "Whoever saw a dead cavalryman?"

His general plan at Chancellorsville has been pronounced by military experts to be exceptionally able, and in its initial strategical development exceedingly brilliant. Unfortunately, he left Jackson out of the combination, or rather relied too much on his explicit orders for strengthening his vulnerable flank being faithfully observed.

Undoubtedly he made a serious mistake, or so it turned out to be, in sending the bulk of his cavalry beyond recall in the raid on the Gordonsville railroad to cut Lee's communications. The chapter of accidents was here against him, Stoneman having been delayed for fifteen days by heavy rains which swelled the river and prevented a



crossing. But for this interruption Lee probably would have been forced from his position, and Jackson's turning movement never have been made.

It will be remembered that it was "Jeb" Stuart who discovered on one of his scouts the weakness of Howard's flank, and it was his casual mention of the fact to Lee and Jackson that suggested to the enterprising "Stonewall" the bold design which he so successfully carried out, though at the cost of his own life.

Thus if Stoneman could have followed the programme laid out for him, and on time, Stuart, without doubt, would have been put on his trail and given no opportunity of finding out that Hooker's right flank was "in the air."

But the blunders and oversights of generals are the accounting factors for most victories. Lee himself but a few months later was to duplicate this same error of judgment, but with far less reason than Hooker had, when he permitted this self-same Stuart to make his famous, but foolish, raid around Hooker's right, on the movement into Pennsylvania, and so deprived himself for three vital days of "the eyes" of his army — his cavalry.

The strange paralysis that seemed to have taken possession of Hooker's faculties and prevented the execution of his plan to get out of the Wilderness and fight his battle in the open has never been satisfactorily accounted for. His inaction at the crucial moment was against every principle that had hitherto marked his military methods and his sagacity.

Averell, who with his all too few cavalry and artillery had probably saved the day by his magnificent stand at Hazel Grove, together with others of the commanding general's advisers, tried in vain to impress upon him the necessity of taking advantage of the favorable opportunity to move out of the confines of the Wilderness. But he obstinately refused to do so. His elaborate explanation, which is too long to quote, and is in truth somewhat specious, has never satisfied his friends and admirers nor impartial critics, while it has been harshly assailed by his detractors.

Two splendid army corps, the first and fifth, comprising twenty-five thousand men, were destined to remain practically unemployed



during the conflict at Chancellorsville, and no one knows why. No doubt General Hooker had it in his plan to utilize this large body of trained veterans at some critical moment, but the crisis seems never to have arrived.

We of the first corps, whom he had led at Antietam and elsewhere, commanded now by Reynolds, whose reputation as a fighter was second to none, certainly expected our share of whatever fighting was going on. We had never been out of it before. So far we had lain inactive at the extreme left of the line, but on the north side of the Rappahannock, where we had for a view the wide plain across the river over which the corps had fought Hill and Jackson at the Fredericksburg battle of the previous December, and which Sedgwick now occupied.

According to the writer's diary, it was May 2, the day of Jackson's assault, that we got orders to cross the river at United States ford and proceed to the front. A hot day's march brought the corps at sun-down to what we hoped would prove to be our night's bivouac.

The sounds of Jackson's attack way off on the right suddenly burst upon the air, and while wondering what it meant, orders came for us to hasten onward. As the weary boys proceeded, crowds of panic-stricken stragglers of the broken eleventh corps were met, and something of their story was gathered as we plodded on. The corps finally, near midnight, reached the vicinity of Ely's ford, where it was halted on the road and spent the rest of the night in throwing up breast-works.

The next day, Sunday, General Hooker rode along our lines and was greeted everywhere with enthusiastic cheers, the disaster of the previous night apparently having had no effect to lessen his prestige.

And as a matter of fact, " Fighting Joe's" popularity never perceptibly waned among his soldiers up to the moment when, as we were crossing the Potomac at Edward's ferry on the way to Gettysburg, it was learned that he had been superseded by Meade.

Of course the men of the first corps knew the latter well ; that is, they knew that he was a good fighter, a severe disciplinarian, and when irritated, as he was apt to be frequently, the hardest swearer in the army.



To displace our "Joe" for Meade was to arouse all the ire that veterans can feel when a favorite leader is ousted to put, say, some political favorite in his stead. American soldiers are apt to be hyper-critical, perhaps, and they are certainly not backward or at all timorous in expressing their opinions of persons and things that they dislike. It was so in this instance.

And the feeling that the grossest injustice was done both to himself and to his army by Hooker's supersedure still exists among the majority of the surviving veterans who, notwithstanding, fought so well at Gettysburg and assisted General Meade to crown himself with the laurels due to the winner of the greatest victory of the war and of modern times.

But many an old campaigner of the Army of the Potomac still cherishes, and will continue to cherish till "taps" sound the final "lights out," the unalterable belief that, after all, since it was *his* plan of marching on a parallel line with Lee, *his* skilful interposition of our army between that of the enemy and Washington, and *his* marching orders that Meade practically endorsed and followed, it was "Fighting Joe" Hooker who really was the conqueror of Lee at Gettysburg.



REFLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.

BY C. E. DAVIS, JR.

For a veteran of the Civil War to cast any reflection on the campaigns of men who served in any other war would be the most execrable taste, besides betokening a jealous and conceited mind. In whatever capacity a soldier serves his country he is entitled to approbation, provided he fulfils the contract he made when he enlisted, whether it is fighting or digging, on the march or on picket, in danger or out of danger; and the Thirteenth would be the last to disparage such service. Indeed, there were men in the Civil War who manifested traits as disagreeable and out of tune with patriotism as could be found in any promiscuous gathering of men enlisted for war. Tom Berry, of Company B, who was a walking delegate in embryo, used to balk when his nostrils caught the odor of battle. At Cedar Mountain he called a strike, but it missed fire so far as anybody but himself was concerned. Two days after the battle the strike was declared off. His next strike — the long strike — was just before Thoroughfare Gap. This strike is still on. Since the close of the war some of these men have made themselves conspicuous at every military demonstration, and good soldiers have been disgusted with the efforts they have made to be classed as heroes of a war in which they did nothing but shirk their duty. Heroism is not confined to soldiering. It may be seen in many walks of life. Physical courage, so much extolled, is as common as are fleas, and much more common than moral courage. There were thousands upon thousands of men who gave good service to their country who would scorn to draw attention to the fact by vainglorious talk, and it has been annoying, these many years, to witness the persistence with which some men have shouted themselves hoarse about heroic deeds they never performed, that the public might be impressed with the idea they were the only heroes of the Civil War, and but for them the rebellion would never have been crushed. When we recall the slender foundation on which their claims to merit is supported, it makes one weary. Notoriety and boasting do not generally accompany brave deeds. According to our experience, the men who did the best work



have made the least noise about it. Having fulfilled the obligation they undertook upon enlistment, good soldiers have not felt inclined to speak about their service any more than they would about any other contract they had made. But shirks, fearing that others may learn what their consciences tell them is true, take every opportunity to shine up their military halos so as to appear well with the general public, if not with their comrades. Having reached the autumn of life, they are prompted by that instinct of self-preservation, which is common to animal life, to look after their good name, and venture to plant a few of the seeds of glory which they have stolen, hoping to harvest in the future some of the reputation for courage which they never possessed.

But all this is aside from what we started to write and which goes to show that the Civil War had its weeds as well as its flowers, and we hope the acknowledgment we have here made will prevent any veteran of the Spanish War from thinking we claim any patent on courage or fortitude. This moralizing was prompted by an inquiry made by a young man fresh from the pious influences of Sunday school where he had been pondering over the parable of the "widow's mite," until he thought the Spanish War exceeded in magnitude all other wars. He asked, in all seriousness, if Gettysburg was not the San Juan of the Rebellion. Ye gods! What a question from the mouth of a boy fresh from school where history is taught. The Holy Writ advises us to "answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit." Following out this sacred admonition, we asked him if he did not think Dam No. 5 was more likely the San Juan of the Rebellion. Our attempt to be facetious failed, because he had never read about this battle, though he had often heard his father mention Dam, but not in connection with No. 5.

"A father said unto his hopeful son,
‘Who was Leonidas, my cherished one?’
The boy replied, with words of ardent nature,
‘He was a member of the Legislature.’
‘How?’ asked the parent; then the youngster saith:
‘He got a pass, and held it like grim death.’
‘Whose pass? What pass?’ the anxious father cried;
‘Twas the'r monopoly,’ the boy replied.



" In deference to the public, we must state,
That boy has been an orphan since that date."

He was equally ignorant about the capture of Martinsburg.

To teach in our public schools a history of the Civil War and omit these two important episodes seems strange and unaccountable. We advised him to study both these events, particularly the taking of Martinsburg, inasmuch as the glory of its capture is still a vexed question and continues to be a subject of discussion at our gatherings.

Dam No. 5 was a great battle, differing with other great battles only in the number engaged and the amount of ammunition used. It was one of the battles of the Civil War where the number of killed could not be counted, though it was our custom to leave the burial of the killed and the number thereof to the undertaker and the mathematician. We urged him to take a course of reading on this famous engagement, as it possessed those elements of scientific warfare that always interested the military student. In reply to his inquiry why, if so important, it had never been written up, we felt obliged to say the neglect was probably due to the suggestion of profanity unfortunately associated with its name which, heretofore, had prevented a discussion of its merits for fear of offending the fastidious ears of young scholars. Hence it followed that military critics, not wishing to have their feelings lacerated by unfriendly criticisms, avoided a path so strewn with thorns. But the time had arrived when it might be written up without fear of giving offence, the supreme court having decided that "Dam" was not a profane word.

We also told him that Dam No. 5 possessed all the characteristics of the greatest battles known to history; land and water, trees, grass, and sky. As a scientific problem showing how to conduct a great battle without casualties, it was immense. The energy, clear-sightedness, and skill exhibited at Dam No. 5 made a deep impression on our youthful mind because it was our first battle, and our being there happened under circumstances somewhat peculiar as well as advantageous. We were not a member of the company detailed to go there and stop Stonewall Jackson from crossing the Potomac



river at that point, and our going was a risk we took in being absent without leave. We were anxious to test our mettle by actual contact with the enemy. At the time of our enlistment we had an enormous appreciation of our capacity for war, and as we walked down Washington street in April, 1861, our blood boiled for active and sanguinary service. It seemed hard to be restrained by the government from taking our gun and going forth at once to crush our country's foes. Somehow, tramping over the highways of Maryland had reduced the blood-thirsty spirit that possessed us and we were beginning to argue with ourselves as to whether home was not a better place than Virginia, and the fear was taking hold of us that we might show the white feather and be forever after a subject of ridicule, like the ass that put on the lion's skin. So this opportunity of taking part in a fight and quitting in case we could not stand the pressure was not to be lost, as nobody cared a Dam No. 5 whether we were present or not and our disappearance would excite no comment. We were stationed at Williamsport, Md., and, with another comrade, took our gun and walked to this battle-field, arriving in time to participate. This is how we came to be in this great battle. The most noticeable feature of this fight to our then inexperienced mind was the masterly plan and the tactical simplicity with which it was carried out. The fight was opened by the rebel fire, and in order that they might waste as much ammunition as possible, we retired behind trees which, by the way, were not of equal thickness, and some of the men were obliged to stand sideways in order to be absolutely safe. In the end we were victorious and the attempt of Stonewall Jackson to march on to Eastport, Me., was frustrated. Had this battle been advertised as well as San Juan, we remarked to our young friend, the world would not have remained so long in ignorance of its merits. This appeared to displease him, so we asked him if he was familiar with the capture of Martinsburg, but he was in utter darkness on that subject. We assured him that the taking of Martinsburg was not only a thrilling event, but showed in a very complete way how to capture a town or city without loss of life. We assured him the subject was worthy of careful study, inasmuch as the glory of its capture is still a matter in



dispute, and at military gatherings the question is often asked, "Who took Martinsburg?" It was an achievement in the first class of scientific warfare and a masterpiece of strategic skill—and preceded the capture of Vicksburg. The best thing that can be said of this splendid performance was the fact that not a soldier on either side was hurt. As the inhabitants were all in bed and the enemy had retired, we were at some trouble to rouse the people from their slumber to an appreciation that a great military success had been accomplished. It is a rare as well as an exquisite pleasure to take part in a great battle, or the capture of a city, where there are no casualties. On this occasion we felt as Joshua did at the taking of Jericho, when he said unto the people, "Shout; for the Lord hath given you a city."

In reply to our inquiries about the customs prevailing in the army during the Spanish War, we were much surprised to learn how many changes had taken place. The rank and file were not allowed to call on a commander and make suggestions or to point out the mistakes he had made during the day's conflict. The free and easy custom of using the general's tent as a loafing place for the private soldier, as prevailed during the Civil War, was not in vogue. This was a loss to the commanding officer and made it necessary for him to rely upon his own judgment—a difficult thing for him to do.

General Grant was always glad to have a private soldier drop in upon him during the evening and make suggestions about conducting a campaign, though occasions did occur when even his impassive nature became alarmed at the superior intelligence exhibited, showing that some of the cogs of his mental machinery needed lubricating. General Meade, whose pious thoughts usually found utterance in ornate and vigorous language that charmed his delighted listeners, was extremely fond of talking with the "boys," from whom he gathered much information about running his campaigns. His free and easy manners made him very popular with the army, and his tent was a general loafing place for the rank and file. "Joe" Hooker was always attractive and companionable with the "boys," and many an evening we spent in his tent playing "Authors"—cards not being allowed in the army. We always left his tent full—of pleasant



memories of his hospitable nature. It is useless to prolong these illustrations which were common enough and which added so much to the enjoyment of a soldier's life. In the Spanish War how different! None of the amenities of life were observed. Everything was "strenuous."

Furthermore, they complain of irregularity in serving meals, and that the food was not of the best. In this matter the Spanish War was way behind the Civil War. One of the pleasures we enjoyed was the regularity of meals. In this respect General Grant was very particular. He insisted that the men should be called to breakfast at 7, lunch at 12, and dinner at 6 P.M., and the cooks were sent forward after each meal to prepare for the next, as it was an axiom that men would fight better on a full stomach. During the Wilderness campaign, and thereafter, particular attention was paid to this matter, and the hours mentioned were adopted to conform to the long-established custom of General Lee who was a punctilious man in matters relating to the feeding of his army. Irregularity in meals produces indigestion, which is another word for anarchy, and, besides, leads to profanity, a habit that was unknown in the Civil War.

We love to recall how much consideration was given to the comfort and pleasure of the private soldier during the Civil War. We cannot forget the pleasant stroll we took with Burnside, which some droll "wag" called the "Mud March" (ha! ha!) because it happened to rain before we reached camp. Nor shall we soon forget the gunning trip we took with Grant through that primeval forest called the Wilderness, where there was plenty of good shooting, and where we met the friends of General Lee who pointed out localities where game was most abundant. Yes, the Civil War was a great picnic.

(3) =

5678





